Prin. Faith, tell me now in earneſt, how came Falſtaffs ſword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, hee hackt it with his dagger, and ſaid hee would ſweare trueth out of England, but he would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleed, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the bloud of true men. I did that I did not this ſeuen yeere before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuices.

Prin. O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeers ago, and wert taken with the maner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? do you behold theſe exhalations? *Prince.* I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot liuers, and cold purſes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falſtalffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare bone: how now my ſweete creature of bumbaſt, how long is't ago, Iacke, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine owne knee?

Fal. My owne knee? when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles talent in the waſte: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe ring: a plague of ſighing & griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. There's villainous newes abroad, here was ſir Iohn Bracy from your father: you muſt to the Court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the North, Percy, and he of Wales, that gaue Amamon the baſtinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and ſwore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the croſſe of a Welſh hooke: what a plague call you him?

Poines. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the ſame, and his ſonne in law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that ſprightly Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horſe-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high ſpeede, and with his piſtol killes a ſparrow flying.

Fal.

Fal. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer t

Fal. Well, that raſcall runne.

Prin. Why, what a raſ running?

Fal. A horſebacke (ye a foote.

Prin. Yes Iacke, vpon

Falſt. I grant ye, vpon Mordacke, and a thouſa away to night, thy father you may buy land now a

Prin. Why then, it is this ciuill buffeting hold, hob-nailes, by the hundr

Falſt. By the maſſe, la good trading that way: b afeard? thou being heere out three ſuch enemies a rit Percy, & that diuell G doth not thy bloud thril

Prin. Not a whit ifaith

Falſt. Well, thou wil thou commeſt to thy fath ſwere.

Prince. Do thou ſtan the particulars of my life

Fal. Shall I? content. ger my ſcepter, and this

Prin. Thy ſtate is taker for a leaden dagger, and bald crowne.

Fal. Well, and the now ſhalt thou be mooue my eyes looke redde, for I muſt ſpeake in paſſi vaine.

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